

Political Critic Declares Boycott Answer To War Crisis

World Federation Scored-- Says Kellog Pact Solution

CANADA HOLDS STRATEGIC POSITION

Politics, Not Economics, Cause of World Uncertainty—Threat of War Prevents Recovery

By Edward Aylsworth

A federal world enjoying complete local autonomy, organized under the care of the British speaking peoples: inspired by a common ideal that war is a crime, and determined to suppress that crime, not by armed force, but by simultaneous universal financial and economic blockade, was the glowing Utopian picture painted by Dr. Alfred Zimmermann in a series of three lectures at Convocation Hall last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Dr. Alfred Zimmermann and his wife are visiting Edmonton this week on a lecture tour of the Canadian West. Dr. Zimmermann, as Professor of International Affairs at Oxford University and as head of the summer school at Geneva for the prosecution of that study, holds an unrivalled position for studying international affairs. He also possesses an excellent background of classical study.

The historical background of English foreign policy formed the subject of Dr. Zimmermann's first two lectures on Monday and Tuesday, Wednesday night being devoted to his seasonal comments on the state of affairs today and constructive schemes.

He stated that the problems the world faces today are not primarily economic, but really political in character. If the rival nations of the world would maintain peace and security by international agreement, prosperity would follow as a natural aftermath. In such a plan the English speaking peoples must naturally assume the lead. Their training in democratic politics that is the prerequisite to such an undertaking, the fact that England is trusted by the smaller nations of Europe and that she is the most world-wide of all powers, suits her admirably to initiate an action of this calibre. As a result, English diplomatic history tends to be linked indissolubly with the idea of attempting to secure a guarantee for world peace, and English history is really a story of the efforts she has made to secure it.

A rapid sketch of English foreign policy from 1815-1900 was the first historical concern of Dr. Zimmermann. Even then peace and excellent foreign relations were England's chief desire. To secure them she divided the world as to foreign policy into two broad divisions, European and Overseas.

In Europe a very ingenious "double-barrelled" policy was followed, the chief object of which was to maintain peace in Europe by preserving the balance of power, the independence of the Channel ports and the maintenance of a British protected road to India. The foreign office, suspicious of European autocracies did not wish to implicate itself by guaranteeing a status quo in European affairs. However, she certainly could not draw entirely from Europe. What was she to do? She invented her double-barrelled system. That is, she simply signed the Treaty of Vienna, thus giving herself a right to interfere in a European question, but by so doing acquire no obligations. In other words she must be consulted on important actions, but need take no action.

Overseas her policy was stronger and radically different. Here she enjoyed almost complete mastery due to the superiority of her navy. But this superiority did not greatly rankle

her European trade rivals. Why? Simply because here also England held to her policy of peace and good foreign relations. The British navy was more a policeman than a representative of a nationalistic state. Although she suppressed piracy and the drug and slave traffic, she maintained a policy of the "freedom of the seas" and "the open door." In fact, it was quite an ideal situation.

But by 1900 things began to change. The coalitions formed against Great Britain during the South African war showed that her position was not unenvied. The rising power of U.S.A. in the west and Japan in the east threatened her supremacy in those regions. And lastly, the rapid rise of Germany's naval strength greatly threatened England's position at home. At first England tried to ally herself with Germany and thus put an end to their rival naval expansion. Her offer was refused. The result was she gradually drifted into on alliance with France and Russia to counteract the Austro-German entente. Things grew from bad to worse until they culminated in the war of 1914.

England emerged from that struggle stronger politically in two ways. The demonstration of the strength of her sea power had increased her influence in Europe, while the victory of democracy had enhanced her position as a naval force. However, these were counteracted by the inauguration of air power, which brought the Rhine and Central Europe closer to London than to Paris. Then, too, the old system of laissez-faire economics had given way in many countries to an intense nationalism with its minute regulation of industries. The natural result of both of these facts was to complicate the British position.

What were they to do to maintain the peace necessary for their trade? The League of Nations for a brief spell seemed to offer a solution; unfortunately, however, it proved a failure, not in 1932, but in 1920. The retirement of the U.S.A. from the League in that year rendered the League incapable of enforcing its decisions on any major power. For political purposes it might as well have been abandoned at that time. Great Britain realized this fact, but decided to continue in the League for strictly technical reasons.

Following this failure of the League, in order to ensure peace, England returned to the old "double-barrelled" system of the 19th century, using the Treaty of Versailles as her pretext. In her overseas relations, England formed a new policy, that of "regional conferences," a system of alliances of countries whose interests are closely related, to maintain peace and good foreign relations within the limits of their interests. The principal results of that policy have been alliances with the other large naval countries, U.S.A. and Japan.

Unfortunately, in the last few years, the situation in Europe has become more and more acute. Germany had surrendered under conditions set down in President Wilson's fourteen points, that is, no annexations, except by the consent of the inhabitants, no indemnities except for the destruction of private property, and no status of vanquished or victors. But as soon as the allies are safely in the saddle we find ruthless annexations, heavy indemnities for state losses, and excessive humiliation in the form of disarmament and military occupation. These impositions and breaches of treaty aroused national pride in Germany to a state where the Germans think that war is necessary to regain their lost prestige. Concessions from a treaty so made had to be given. England and France performed these with so little grace that they only intensified the situation. In consequence, mutual enmities and hatreds, fear and impending strife mar the peace of Europe.

The prospect overseas has become, if possible, as bad. The navy of the United States reigns supreme in the western Atlantic and the eastern Pa-

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Hart House String Quartette

The celebrated Hart House String Quartette will appear here, in Convocation Hall, on Thursday evening at 8:15 p.m. This renowned quartette owes its inception to the generosity of the Hon. Vincent and Mrs. Massey. It was organized in 1924. Since that time it has travelled to many corners of the music-loving world, and has been feted and praised in London, Paris and New York. Canada has been especially favored, for practically every year the Quartette has toured the various provinces of our Dominion. Wherever it has visited, either here or abroad, it has won enthusiastic friends and ardent supporters.

The students of the University and the people of Edmonton may feel truly honored, for this year the Quartette has made considerable concessions in order to appear here. This appearance is being sponsored by the University Music Club, of which Mr. J. T. Jones is the president this year. The reserve tickets are seventy-five cents and one dollar, and may be purchased at Heintzman's or at the University Book Store. A limited number of gallery seats have been made available for students at fifty cents. Those who attend this gala evening are assured a stimulating program of enjoyable music.

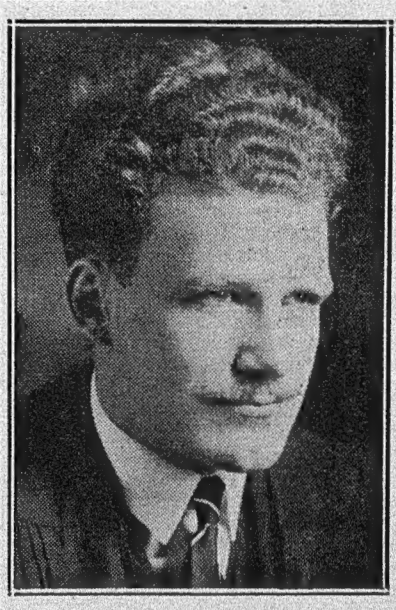
BUDGET BRIEF

The Students' Union—University of Alberta, 1933-34

	Budgeted Subsidy 1932-33	Actual Subsidy 1932-33	Budget 1933-34
Men's Athletic Association:			
General	\$ 365.00	\$ 351.98	\$ 386.00
Basketball	545.00	670.34	462.50
Boxing and Wrestling	117.50	116.13	112.00
Badminton	10.00	28.68	50.00
Hockey	401.00	834.69	659.00
Rugby	1,046.40	996.25	606.40
Soccer	82.50	55.00	10.75
Swimming	140.25	95.51	78.00
Track	252.20	275.80	117.00
Tennis	85.00	65.25	19.00
			\$2,500.65
Women's Athletics:			
General	\$ 65.00	\$ 95.45	\$ 91.50
Basketball	415.00	324.31	655.00
Badminton	35.00	26.74	50.00
Hockey	243.00	230.69	245.00
Swimming	150.25	132.45	73.00
Track	147.50	141.47	115.00
Tennis	70.00	59.50	15.00
			\$1,244.50
Literary Association:			
General	\$ 57.50	\$ 39.49	\$ 46.00
Debating	276.50	245.73	234.00
Dramatic	134.00	133.35	319.00
Philharmonic	160.00	153.79	110.35
Political Science	15.00	5.30	18.50
			\$ 727.85
Rooters' Club	\$ 20.00	\$ 27.02	\$ 36.00
Students' Union General	707.00
Students' Union Administration	1,090.40	1,218.37	652.00
Wauneta Society	16.00	22.98	43.00
Total	\$5,911.00
Balance	214.00
			\$6,125.00
		Estimated	Estimated
Gateway	Income.	Expenditure.
Evergreen and Gold	\$ 3,700.00	\$ 3,700.00
INCOME:	4,948.00	4,948.00
Fees, etc.	13,473.00	
Less:			
Covered Rink	\$2,450.00		
Gateway	2,450.00		
Year Book	2,448.00		
		7,348.00	
		\$ 6,125.00	

The above is the budget which will be presented for acceptance at the Students' Union General Meeting of Nov. 16th. Study this budget carefully, and if you wish to question any particular item come prepared to do so.

NOTED GRAD DIES



JAS. N. HUNTER

It is with deep regret that those who knew him learn of the death of Mr. James Hunter. As many who read this will recall, Mr. Hunter took an active interest in athletics, having been one of the outstanding players on the rugby team during three seasons. He also held the responsibilities of being a member of the House Committee in 1931-32.

In his academic work he holds a high record, and when he graduated in the spring of 1933 he was awarded the Professional Engineers' prize in Mining and Geological Engineering. He carried with him a wealth

COMMERCE CLUB

Mr. Winspear, in a short address to the Commerce Club on Wednesday afternoon, outlined the success of Commerce graduates in the business world, and more particularly in the field of accounting. He pointed out that sound judgment, tact, initiative and development of the capacity to think quickly and adjust oneself to changing conditions, were indispensable prerequisites to a successful business career. The speaker suggested that many of these are obtainable through active participation in University organizations, such as the Commerce Club. Mr. Winspear asked the question, "Are Commerce graduates happy and successful, and do they meet up favorably with men and women in the business world?" He observed that they met with marked success, and mentioned graduate students who have become assistant trade commissioners, bankers and accountants. He concluded his paper by expressing the desire that when Commerce students graduated that they would enlarge their field of appreciation, extending it to the fine arts and humanities.

of practical experience which always aided him in his University studies.

Mr. Hunter died on the morning of Nov. 1, as a result of having fallen asleep in a room filled with the fumes from a gasoline radiant heater. At the time of his death he was working with a crew of well-drillers at Lone Rock, Sask.

The University and the student body expresses their sincere sympathies to the family and associates of Mr. Hunter.

Covered Rink Becomes Property of Students

Loan From Provincial Government Finally Paid Off—Standing Committee Named to Manage Rink

Crowning the first endeavor of the student body, along the line of high finance, with a successful climax, the students this year assume control of the University Covered Rink.

The credit for the idea must be given to Mark Levey, Union President 1924-25, who brought home to the students the need for such a building.

A committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. Tory, Dr. Hardy, Mr. West, Mark Levey (Union President), The President of Men's Athletics, The Secretary of the Union.

By 1927 over \$5,000 had been collected, thanks to contributions from various public bodies, clubs, etc., and the Provincial Government agreed to loan the students \$20,000 on a \$25,000 undertaking.

Plans were drawn up by Professors Morrison and Burgess in the meantime, and actual construction commenced in June, 1927. The rink was opened on Dec. 1st of that year.

Since then principal and interest have been paid off regularly by the fee levied by the Students' Union, and this year the Government loan will be fully paid up.

Permanent arrangements regarding rink management have been made. A standing committee consisting of the following will comprise voting members of the rink committee:

The President of the Union.
The Treasurer of the Students' Union.
The President of Women's Athletics.

The President of Men's Athletics.
The President of Men's Hockey.
Dr. Hardy and Mr. West have consented to remain as faculty and staff representatives, and as such will act in an advisory capacity. The rink manager will also sit on the rink committee.

Congratulations are due to the student body for having completed this tremendous undertaking, and for

having made this idea of 1924 an accomplished fact of 1933.

It remains only to call attention once more to those who have worked out the innumerable tangles that have arisen, namely, the successive rink committees, the past chairman, Dr. Hardy, and Mr. West, the treasurer.

SOPH RECEPTION A WEEK SATURDAY

Dance This Year to Be Informal For All Students

Saturday evening, Nov. 18th, marks the presentation by the Sophomore class of its annual reception to Freshmen. After considering the question carefully, the executive has decided this year to ask for informal dress, although in other respects this dance will be one of the year's major functions.

Due to the fact that this dance is on Saturday evening, it will commence at 8 o'clock sharp, thus providing ample time for complete programs of dancing and for supper arrangements. The Varsity six-piece orchestra will be in attendance. Patronage of this dance is urged, particularly by the Sophomores who have the interests and prestige of their class at heart. Early purchasing of programs will be advisable, which will sell for \$1.50 per couple.

Pete Rule Features in Win For Golden Bears at B.C.

VARSITY CRASHES FOR 8-3 VICTORY

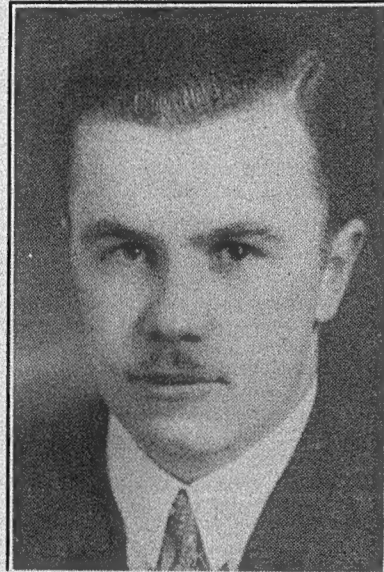
(Special from Our Correspondent)

Playing in a dense fog, which gave neither team the opportunity to show much in the way of brilliant football, Alberta's Golden Bears administered an 8-3 defeat to the British Columbia holders of the Hardy Cup on Thursday night. The outstanding star of the contest was Pete Rule, who counted seven of the Varsity's 8 points.

Due to the poor visibility, the officials in charge of the game decided before the start that it would only be an exhibition game, and a sudden death battle will be played on Saturday afternoon to decide the Intercollegiate championship. B.C. opened the scoring seven minutes after the game started when they recovered a short kick from their own 25 to put them in possession on the centre field line. They carried an end run around the left end to take

(Continued on Page Four)

HEADS JUNIORS



JACK LEWIS

I wish to sincerely thank my supporters for electing me to the Presidency of the Junior Class.

I feel confident that with the cooperation of the members of the excellent executive chosen, I will be able to play my part in making this year an outstanding event in the history of Class '35.

JACK LEWIS.

RINK NOTICE

To the managers of all clubs or societies: This is to remind you that permanent scheduled hours at the Varsity rink for hockey purposes must be arranged immediately. Phone the rink, 31358, or Arthur M. Wilson, 33222.

NOTICE

A meeting of the E.R.G. will be held in the basement of the Tuck Shop at 4:30 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 16th. Mr. George Palmer, formerly of the Moscow Daily News, will speak on "Planned Economy."

OBSERVATIONS

The death of initiation in 1932 and the high funeral expenses of \$66,860 has been duly commemorated by the placing of a tombstone on the walk to the residences.

It seems that this year the usual unusual weather has been more unusual than usual.

We suggest that those gentlemen who are trying to cultivate mustaches try using fertilizer. Most of them are being grown on the instalment plan — that is, a little down each week.

Ken Smith says she's not his best girl, just necks best.

We have recently observed a Freshman wandering around the campus with a queer hair-cut. Is he perhaps a relic of some prehistoric animal?

We observe that there is a club on the campus which is awaiting the publication of Samuel's new book, "The Greatest Lawyer of the Future and Why Am I?"



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta
Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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BUSINESS STAFF

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In defense of an editorial published last week and for which we have been accused of gross stupidity, we wish to recall that our criticism was that the questions addressed to Dr. Hennings at the Political Science Club meeting failed to grapple with the real issues of the Jewish persecution by the Hitler party. We did not hold out a brief for the Nazis, nor did we accept everything the speaker said. We expressed only an opinion that the questioners, with few exceptions, were not directing themselves to facts and reasons, but to remarks and statements of the leaders. Surely in so appalling a situation there must be something more vital to discuss than the comments of the leaders, relevant as they may be.

Without doubt there is a page of history being written that Germany will not be proud to look back upon, but in the view of past experience there was reasonable grounds to discount many of the reports, and we attended the meeting seeking some enlightenment on the true issues involved. We were disappointed by the prevalence of a surly antagonism, that seemed to becloud clear, pointed criticism.

We do not wish to be accused of digging up a dead herring, but we felt that some defence was necessary to the exparte criticism to which we have been subjected.

INTERNATIONALLY MINDED

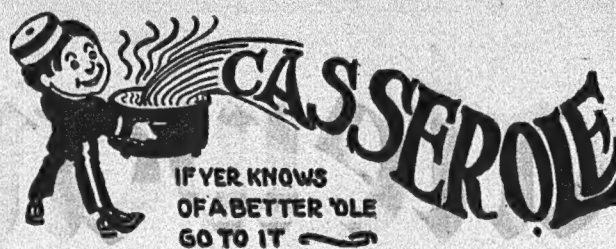
We went to hear Professor Zimmern. We were greatly impressed with the clever informative manner in which he presented his lectures and answered the barrage of questions fired at him. There was no question his agile mind could not answer. He seemed to be able to draw on an inexhaustible mine of facts and information. And, as President Wallace pointed out, his interpretation of happenings was very fair, very impartial. We regret that we could hear him only four times.

We found it extremely refreshing to listen to a speaker who expressed clear and concise opinions on the most controversial questions. We had become fed-up on speakers who spoke in generalizations, who evaded the issues in questions asked. It was a pleasant and novel experience to see the true picture of the anarchy that is International Relations held up to the public gaze by an authority on the subject. And we certainly agree that by so doing, by educating and informing public opinion as to the true state of facts, and as to possible ameliorative measures, can we ever hope to find the answers to the problems that beset the world.

We did not, perhaps, agree with all the opinions and suggestions advanced by our noted speaker. But we were certainly impressed by them.

Japan and Germany rightly came in for considerable criticism by Dr. Zimmern. Here was a man whose opinions bore weight, who was not trying to make out a case, who gave a dispassionate survey of the whole situation. And his attitude to these two nations was that they were criminals in the community of nations. They were the danger spots which threatened to disrupt the peace of the world. Each had thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery of international affairs. Each had suggested the Fear and Insecurity which lay at the root of all our troubles, economic, political and social.

We were somewhat surprised to learn that economic considerations play a very little part in the politics of international affairs, that psychological factors—the ideas of power, pride of empire, prestige



There was a young lady of Pisa
Whose lover attempted to squish,
But she lost all her charm
When he said with alarm,
"My goodness, how knobby your knisa!"

"Romance, today," claims Hugh Arnold cynically, "is just necking." A sort of modern neckromancy, we gather.

Watson Hunter—There is something dove-like about you.
Alice Thresher—You flatterer!
Watson—Yes, you're pigeon-toed.

Harold Moreau—I see that in London a man is run over every half-hour.
Bea Bell—Poor fellow!

The Arts Student

I know a little History;
Some Verses, too, by heart;
I know a little Science;
I know a little Art.

I know a little Latin;
I know a little Greek;
He runs a little restaurant;
I eat there every week.

(We've decided that this little bit of poesy could not have been written by McIntosh—he doesn't know any Latin.)

Pitfield—I just shot a dog.

Proctor—Was he mad?

Pitfield—Well, he wasn't very pleased.

(Since Bob Proctor, commonly known as Little Slug, objects to appearing in Casserole, the above little joke will have to refer to Bill Proctor, commonly known as Big Slug.)

Mark McClung—A hold-up man stopped me last night and made me give up my money and my watch and everything I had.

Don Wilson—But I thought you always carried a gun.

Mark—Yes, but he didn't find that.

Lives of golfers all remind us

We can top and slice and hook,

And departing leave behind us

Words you won't find in a book.

A limburger sandwich is two slices of bread travelling in bad company.

—formed the general and particular foreign policy of the various nations, and that economic conflict was in large part only the result of political measures. This turned our pet theory of economic determinism inside out.

We were also somewhat surprised by the faith expressed by our visitor in the value of social and economic boycott, and in the efficacy and adequacy of international agreements. We had thought that boycotts could never achieve much more than a precipitation of armed conflict, and that treaties were, in the last analysis, only "scraps of paper" in the path of any disaffected nation.

In the world today, international co-operation is at very low ebb. Economic and political nationalism are the pernicious influences retarding our progress. Whether the particular nationalist policy be Nazi or N.R.A., it serves only to augment international distrust and discord. And without the necessary harmony, consonance and co-operation between nations, we must inevitably have Fear, Instability, Depression, War.

—W. H. E.

A CORRECTION

Our editorial of last week entitled "Political Clubs and Politicians" may have led to some misunderstanding of the status of the students' political clubs. These clubs are not in any way sponsored or supported by the University of Alberta, but are independent organizations of students, and do not meet on the University campus.

L. L. A.

ADDED CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—A few years ago I read an account of the death of a fugitive from justice, run down by a posse somewhere in Southern Alberta. Though this man was a murderer, and his life was forfeit to the State, I felt some disgust as I read that after he had been killed by one of his pursuers, eleven shots were pumped into his lifeless body by other members of the posse. Rarely is there to be found in this world a person so mean that he would mutilate the corpse of his bitterest foe.

It was with regret that I learned on reading the article entitled "Poppies" by Fraser Macdonald, in last week's copy of The Gateway, that among the students of this University was one in whose heart had not been instilled that noble sentiment of natural justice and manliness, which dictates that we speak no ill of the dead. Any man who has within himself the smallest spark of sportsmanship is willing to fight in open battle, rather than resort to the cowardly tactics of waiting the time when his adversary is no longer able to defend himself, and then pouring abuse upon his name.

It was unnecessary to read the whole of Mr. Macdonald's argument to learn that the writer was by no means an intellectual. I had grave suspicions when I read in his second line that the first sentiment he had to express in regard to Armistice Day

was his childish delight in the fact that there would be no lectures.

The following sentence state: "But we are still expected to bow our heads for two minutes." My misinformed friend, no one expects you to bow your head, and no one is going to force you to do it, but I might remind you that throughout the length and breadth of the land, men and women and children from every walk of life will reverently and voluntarily bow their heads on this solemn occasion, not because convention demands it, but because their hearts bid them do it. You ask "Why?" If you had stayed your flow of words long enough at this point to answer your own question, your literary flower would have died in the bud. They bow their heads to think.

You question "the gallant boys who gave their lives for us." If you were to express this sentiment to some of "those broken souls" who survived the last war I think you would receive the answer you deserve.

I do not like your sentiments, but admit that your logic in the first one or two lines is tolerable. Sadly, all good things come to an end. You assume that all the souls of these departed warriors are in Heaven. You then proceed with your naive argument to prove that these men were not gallant because their lives were taken from them, and they did not give them. They murdered men in the opposing army. They were not gallant to enlist because they had

not the courage to refuse to enlist. "Few have the courage to be cowardly." They were not gallant, therefore they were cowards. They were cowards because they were too cowardly to be cowardly. I am led to suspect that you wasted your time in Philosophy 2.

"And anyhow, what good does it do to think of the dead?" you ask. To think about anything is painful to some intellects, but there are millions of hearts that feel for the dead, and those hearts will beat a little slower on Remembrance Day.

"And what of the living?" you say, and a few lines below I find a sentence which carries a world of meaning. "I would rather be thought of before I die than after." I fear that this is the sentiment which motivated your whole essay. It would be rather uncomfortable if you were forced to enlist, and had your life taken from you by a sizzling shot through the stomach, or a cold bayonet through your ribs, as many of these gallant cowards did in the last war. Rest in peace, my noble friend, no one is perpetrating your death, or even suggesting that you quarrel with a German, a Russian or a Jap; much less that you kill any man. If patriotism should call Canada's sons to arms in defence of their country, their homes, their mothers and their sisters, you may stand aside as a glowing example of the greater courage you cited to show to the world that at

(Continued on Page Six)



9820 106th St.,
Edmonton.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Those who earn their daily bread in the service of Art know that She is a very harsh Goddess, and in order to keep their sanity they find it desirable now and then to take her off Her pedestal and give Her a good swift kick.

That this is also a good plan for amateurs to follow should be told to the humorless person responsible for the portentous write-up of the recent Dramat night. From the jargon he employs, I shrewdly suspect that he is in the early stages of "Art-Theatre," it is their hall mark; and as he is also at that stage of culture into which "play" has not yet entered, or so it would appear, the combination is tiresome. To criticize the show in detail was as futile as to chase after a butterfly (or a grasshopper, as he saw it) with a sledge hammer. The players obviously did not give a whoop for Art except to the extent of asking the audience to share in the healthy diversion of kicking Her in the pants. (Yes, I know.)

Which they did heartily. Both players and audience (the first unconscious audience I have seen in Convocation), I feel sure, are the better for the wholesome experience (to say nothing of the Goddess), and the Dramat can surely be trusted to put the lady back on her pedestal and keep her there till next "Dramat night."

Yours truly,
FRANK HOLROYD.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—"What this University needs is advertising—favorable advertising which will appeal to the public and make that same public realize that it has in their great University a real centre of learning and culture." Our beloved Taurus in his excellent article from which this is quoted, neglected only to disclose that the University's most widely effective advertising is the deportment of its students.

At least twice have several manly Freshmen been shocked by the astonishing conduct of their generally respected seniors, these occasions being the Open Forum debates.

Each innocent Freshman had been taught at his mother's knee what to do and what not to do. He must doff his hat to a lady or be thought rude. He must be considerate and speak in a well modulated voice. He must always be gentlemanly.

It was a surprise to these new arrivals at the Open Forum debate to see respectable gentlemen smoking without the consent of the ladies present. Surprising also was the impoliteness with which the debaters addressed each other and the chair. But when the Speaker proceeded to exhale clouds of smoke which dimmed the lights and then demanded obedience to the rules of debate, these Freshies were thoroughly astonished.

Authorities on etiquette are always careful to point out that polite people do not converse upon certain subjects in public. But when a prominent debater, after having accused an opponent of all manner of weaknesses, proceeded to hint about illegitimacy of birth, it was just too much.

These seniors of the Open Forum should be warned about the ill results of such conduct. Perhaps our President or our Provost could enlighten them on matters of behavior. Or perhaps our Freshmen could establish an advisory committee on etiquette to advise these ill-mannered students.

A FRESHMAN.

10143 116th St.,
Edmonton, Alta.,
Nov. 4, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—As "the first questioner" referred to in yesterday's editorial on the Dr. Hennings' lecture, I wish to make one or two observations.

In the first place, there is at least one incorrect statement of fact in the editorial, when you say, "It is weak criticism to take an unrelated sentence from the work of an impassioned individual as Herr Hitler and proceed to condemn the whole system." What I did want to read several quotations from Hitler's Autobiography and to ask Dr. Hennings whether those statements were or were not "insults to the intellect of civilized human beings." I did not "proceed to condemn the whole system"—I did not proceed to condemn anything, except in so far as the tone of my voice could certainly be taken as a condemnation of what I was reading from Hitler's book. That is not to say that I would not be glad to "condemn the whole system" when time permits, but I did not do so at Dr. Hennings' lecture.

Second, I wish to take issue with what appears to be your view of the duty owed by the audience to Dr. Hennings. He volunteered the claim that he was not an official Nazi propagandist, but he was quite frank in saying that he was an adherent of the Nazi regime. He was also frank in saying that freedom of opinion and criticism is no longer tolerated in Germany. Freedom of criticism is permitted in Canada. The Political Science Club gave an excellent illustration of that freedom by inviting Dr. Hennings to speak, and the audience subscribed to the doctrine of freedom by listening carefully and without interruption to the address. But, having listened to Dr. Hennings' defence of the New Germany, was it not in order for a member of the audience—if he wished to—to indicate his loathing for some of the

There is something in knowing how to make cigarettes. Look around you and notice how many men and women smoke Winchesters!



Winchester
CIGARETTES

SAVE THE
POKER HANDS

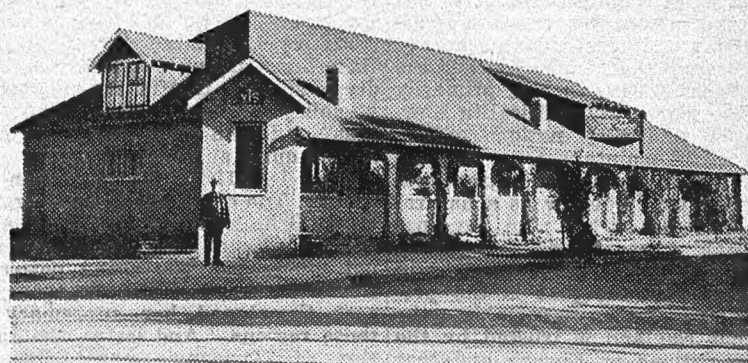
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views held by the responsible and undisputed leader of the German government?

I submit that your tolerance towards defenders of the Nazi regime should also be extended to its opponents. Some of the questions directed at Dr. Hennings would have been inappropriate if directed at a tea hostess. Dr. Hennings did not and cannot claim the same privileged immunity.

Yours very truly,
MAX. H. WERSHOF.



In the case of the banks, we can see that, after all, all's well that lends well.—Y. News.

Untouchables at Home

Of course it may be different in India, but over here we feel a greater sympathy for the poor touchers who try to touch the untouchables.—Vancouver Star.

Men and Fish

Fishermen and girls are alike. They never quit bragging about the ones that got away.—Chatham News.

It takes 15 days for the average human body to recover from the loss of two consecutive nights' sleep.

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"Oh, they had to trim off a few limbs," said one person when asked about the injuries of the aviators who crashed in Rock Canyon. Well, anyway, it's the pruning season.—The Y. News.

Blue Law

Wareham.—Town meetin' decrees that "all persons within the town owning dogs shall be muzzled."—"Seventy-five Years Ago" column in the Boston Traveller.

CO-ED COLUMNS

I Was in the Earthquake

Is an earthquake terrifying? Absolutely! To suddenly have the floor buckle violently underfoot is alarming. To have walls and ceilings like-wise shake furiously is more alarming. But to hear the unearthly roar which accompanies a severe earthquake is hair-raising indeed.

For fifty seconds that seemed like an eternity, the earth surged beneath our feet in powerful waves. Walking was almost impossible, and yet one could not stand still. A rat being shaken in the mouth of terror illustrates the sensation accurately. And then the tremor stopped as suddenly as it had begun. (Tremor and temblor are two scientific terms for earthquake.) Everyone rushed out of doors, and many were killed as buildings collapsed.

The damage was tremendous. Sections of buildings toppled and walls caved in; falling cornices "pancaked" parked cars; tons of broken glass covered the downtown streets; buckling pavements struck cars from beneath; some houses were moved as far as four feet from their foundations; most brick buildings were totally destroyed. Inside the houses, pianos were moved across rooms, heavy frigidaires upset, pictures thrown off walls, plumbing and heating pipes broken. Incredible the destruction that had come in fifty seconds!

Seventy-five people in Long Beach itself were killed and thousands injured. Within five minutes after the quake the streets were filled with cars of people searching for loved ones or rushing injured to the hospitals. Ten minutes afterward one hospital had a hundred and fifty new patients. Almost immediately ammonia fumes filled the city when an ice plant exploded. All gas and water was shut off immediately, and the gas remained disconnected for days. The screech of the sirens of ambulances and fire engines filled the air and continued so to do all night long.

Over radios that had been on when the quake came, we heard through the open doors, "Stay out of all buildings!" and to the neighboring countryside, "Stay out of the quake zone unless on business! Let the rescue crews work!"

Radio was the only means of communication with the outside world. It was estimated that two thousand amateur radio operators throughout the United States relayed messages both personal and official. Telegraph messages had to be carried to Los Angeles and transmitted from there. The Telegraph office in Long Beach was condemned almost immediately, and its officers set up a bench in the street and continued to file by the hundreds, messages written by candle light. Thirty trunk telephone lines were finally established between Long Beach and Los Angeles, but as these could not be connected with

Long Beach city homes, the Telephone Company set up a bench in a field, and all long distance calls had to be made from this point.

Each new tremor—and they occurred from three to fifteen minutes apart all night long, levelled buildings weakened by the successive shocks. On two of the main streets the pavement was so badly damaged that traffic on them was absolutely impossible. Scarcely a building in the city escaped damage. Even the larger buildings that seemed to have emerged unscathed, on close examination were found to be badly cracked. It was estimated that between twenty-five and fifty million dollars' worth of property damage was done.

Police immediately organized volunteers to start searching ruins for the dead. Nurses and doctors rushed to hospitals. Five thousand sailors, soldiers and marines were stationed throughout the city with fixed bayonets, guarding condemned buildings, maintaining order and prepared to shoot any looters. But no one needed to be shot, and although supplies were scarce, no merchants indulged in racketeering.

Coming at the time of the unexpected bank moratorium, very few people had much money to buy food. Even those people who did have supplies had no gas with which to cook and did not dare to venture into their homes. So kitchens were set up in all the parks, and everyone ate there as a matter of course. Distilled water was also doled out from a central depot.

Every vacant lot in town had its little group of people huddled around a fire in the middle, where there would be least danger of falling buildings or wires. Many dared return into their homes for blankets when they realized they would have to spend the night outside. Everybody seemed fairly calm and determined to make the best of it. But when an apparently official car came to a raucous stop at the curb and the driver yelled, "Tidal wave coming—seek high ground," there was a temporary panic. Long Beach is right on the ocean's edge, and the larger part of the city is perfectly level. Everyone who had a car, crammed as many into it as possible and sped for the outskirts of town. There most people spent the night, keeping warm as best they could in the impenetrable fog. Elderly couples who had no cars nor anyone to look after them walked as far from the shore as they could, and then sat down to wait for the engulfing wave, which mercifully did not come.

By morning—only a handful had slept—everyone was badly exhausted, and everywhere people were lying on the ground trying to get just a little rest. On all sides we could see people loading their cars with such household goods as they could carry and leaving that part of the country. The highways were packed for days afterwards. I heard one man after the 'quake, ask a garage man for enough gas to get to New York!

Of course, the 'quake had its freakish side. One man was imprisoned in his own basement for forty-eight hours. A woman had her hair turn white overnight. A man, struck by a falling brick, regained consciousness to find two men lying dead beside him. The facades of two-storey buildings collapsed, leaving the families at dinner exposed to the public gaze. A large downtown clock stopped at the first upheaval—5.55.

A month later in a small nearby town I saw two men in a brick office with only a floor and about a foot of wall, sitting under a huge umbrella, earnestly discussing their

"I've Got to Sing a Torch Song"

We've lived through hoop-a-doop songs, theme-songs, croon songs, negro spirituals and cowboy yodels, only to survive for the final agony—the torch song. In answer to a questionnaire sent out to representative students of the University to find out just what a torch song really is, we received no two similar definitions. The Gateway representative said "it was a baritone moan, indulging in cheap sentiment." The law man said it was a song about flaming youth. The theolog told us it was the battalion cry of the S.C.M., and the poly ec. student said it was an ode to a red-haired girl. Of course the House Eccers thought it was a chant about the heat in the oven, and the Meds that it was just an old sailor ditty about the light in the window to guide wayward vessels. However, as the engineer is always a connoisseur in such delicate matters, we took his word as final—he said it was an amorous song—to create a mood—just a mild aphrodisiac. So we asked him to cite us an example. Here is a fragment:

"You can have me if you want me,
But you must be mine alone,
Give me liberty or give me LOVE!"

Although this sounded like the battle hymn of the Republic, yet, as the engineer knows—it's a torch song. But then the S.C.M.'ers might argue that "Let the lower lights be burning," is a much better example.

What do you think?

"THE LAND OF FEAST AND FAMINE"

"Have you ever heard of the Land of Beyond,
That dreams at the gates of the day?
Alluring it lies at the skirts of the skies,
And ever so far away."

Some such fascination must have drawn Helge Instad to the north. This book of his simply throbs with the indomitable spirit of the men who wrest an existence from the northland of our province. Instad is a Norwegian lawyer, who has the happy faculty of making the reader live through his own experiences. His trip starts at Edmonton, "the Mecca of the wild and restless sons who have found civilized society too tame for them." (Apparently the capital is somewhat wilder than we had realized!) He and a companion first go to Waterways, and thence by way of Fort Chipewyan and Fitzgerald to Resolution, where "there is no spot where some dog is not howling, and no howl is like another."

The author recounts his experiences with a delightful humor, yet underneath one may feel a deep undercurrent of kinship with the nature around him. In his description of camp-life, one realizes the exquisite thrill of outdoor living. Something primitive in us responds to the dancing shadows of the flame against surrounding walls of pine; to the pale cold gleam of the stars that shine down on us as we snuggle farther into our cozy sleeping-bags.

Instad has made an intensive study of the Indian; his customs, habits and superstitions. He draws with a sympathetic touch pictures of their home-life, their tireless courage on the march, and their pitiful dwindling beneath the scourge of the white man's diseases. We laugh with him as he describes some of his narrow business.

One small boy was asked if he was frightened. "Frightened? Me? No. But gosh, the reaction was terrible!" Quite an experience? Ye-es, but I would rather not repeat it.

—M. R.

Just Our Two Selves

Do you wear black chiffon step-ins or silk B.V.D.'s? Then you are an Eve or an Adam. Do you use eau de Cologne when you have a headache or never forget to send your shirts to the laundry? If so, you are a Joan or a Darby. But, of course, if you don red pajamas and read in front of the fire in the evenings, you are just another unhappy combination.

The person who first said, and I suppose it was our friend of the Garden of Eden, that three is a crowd, certainly over-estimated the statement. Psychologists now admit that two is practically a mob. And I quite agree, don't you? Because without a doubt it is well-nigh impossible for Eve and Joan to live together in harmony—and as for Darby and Adam—well, it just isn't done.

But as for the characteristics of these charming creatures, let's deal first with the males. Take Adam (I wish I could)—he is a delightful, easy-going chap with not enough stamina to boss his own wife, and that is enough to make any self-respecting woman touch forbidden fruit. However, he is very good company—"a pleasant pastime for an hour," to again quote my favorite poet. He is not above capping your story with one of his own, but always staying within the bounds of propriety, or almost within—for, above all things, Adam is a gentleman where ladies are concerned. That is what started Eve cavorting with the serpent, I'm afraid. I can't really identify him with any physical characteristics. I mean that to say he has blue eyes would only be true in part, for though I know an Adam with eyes that put Waterman's ink to shame, I also know one with the come-hither type of brown eyes. So it is up to you to decide who's who and act accordingly.

Now for the Darbys. There is a simply perfect one at Varsity, but I dare not name him. He's amusing, steady, kind. From Eve's point of view a rather appalling person—but if she only knew him she would have to admit that he is a dear. He votes

escapes from the designing squaws to whom he represents a superlatively good catch. (Truly, all women are sisters 'neath the skin!)

We learn about the haunts of the marten and lynx; we hear the honking of the wild geese as they whirr past overhead; we suffer with suspense as the author waits patiently for hours for a shot at a beaver, only to be unsuccessful in the end; and verily we feel the pangs of hunger assailing us as he goes sometimes days on end without food. Somehow we know it takes a man to endure these hardships and yet still be able to laugh.

It seems to us that "The Land of Feast and Famine" is essentially a man's book; its somewhat crude humor is not relished by the gentler sex. Then, too, few women feel the urge of the lonesome trail and solitary camp-fire, with only "huskies" for company. There lies a fascination in the story, but it is the charm of open plains and crackling cold, and only those who desire to explore "beyond the horizon" will truly feel its appeal.

—M. M.

every year, and does not throw his shoes under the bed or flick ashes on the carpet. On the other hand, he is an interesting conversationalist and a nice dancer. The only thing he lacks is a catty tongue. Poor Darby, I have not given him much character—in fact, he sounds like a Sunday school teacher, but he is really like a banker.

The most fascinating of all, of course, is a forty-sixty basis of Darby and Adam. Taking Eve's boy friend as the gin and Darby as the water—they make a most enlivening drink. The sheer boyishness that we may call (Heaven help us!) Peter Pan, is the lemon and sugar which makes the drink. But who has ever had a perfect Tom Collins?

Eve and Joan are, beside these male constituents, almost a little naughty. Eve is a bright youngster, filled with intellectual curiosity and beans—a truly desirable filler. In short, Eve is the most human of humans, and I humbly thank her that we are not now living in the Garden of Eden on a boring diet of apples and water. She has that most celebrated of all feminine virtues, intuition. She is clever, gay and not to be trifled with. You are apt to hear her say, "Oh, well, I did not want to live in that old place anyhow." Eve is, I think, a little cruel. She laughs at people and mocks them—is, in short, rather disagreeable. But you can forgive this so easily because she is such a very-much-alive sort of person. She has a distressing habit of luring you on with scarlet lips and trim ankles, but impishly thumbing her nose at you when she is tired of the game. I think there ought to be an association for suppressing Eve every third day.

Joan is in utter contrast—she has the trait that every woman ought to possess and so few do—and that is graciousness. She is dignified, cool-headed, warm-hearted; not the Madonna type certainly, but a woman compared to Eve, who is a bit of a hoyden. Her sense of humor is great, but her laughter is soft. She is, of course, a one-man lady; she knits him sweaters (gratis), and sympathizes with him, both at the same time, since Joan is, above all things, practical. She smooths his brow and makes him gingerbread and glows whenever she looks at him. But Joan was never a girl, so at times she is a bit staid.

To keep the balance of these two persons within ourselves is a rather touchy business. For balance is a word that today's youth is rather apt to ignore. That the precision of the balance makes or mars a personality is certain—that serenity is the most precious thing that we can strive for is more certain still—and that less than ten per cent. of the students of the University have achieved this harmony is most certain of all. These are facts which your lethargic minds may find difficult to assimilate.

Dear as I would love to pair off my male and female characters, I feel that they can do it better themselves. And dear as I would love to point out a moral, I can't. For the duchess said that everything has a moral if you can only think of it. I, alas, can't. Can you?

—F. M. J.

CO-ED SPORT

By J.F.

Flying pucks and whirling blades usher in the hockey season! Hockey enthusiasts who waited long and impatiently for their ice, got the first feel of skates this season in Wednesday night's scrimmage. Even though the ice was cut up and rather rough, the girls were able to "turn on the heat" in spasms.

We hope, and rather expect, to have a league-leading aggregation to give our contenders in the ladies' intermediate hockey loop a run for their money. Look at the list of enterprising Freshettes: There's Mary Hewitt, who already handles herself with polish and displays the vim, vigor and vitality of an aggressive player; Agnes Gray promises to become a snappy little player; Gwen Brenton and Muriel O'Brien put in an initial appearance.

We hope to see Norma in goal and Ruth Graham and Marg McBain whirling on their blades. Nan Evans, as forward, and Marg Gibson for defence have a lot of good hockey in them.

We are going to miss "Blue-line" Mary Cogswell, one of the cleverest of snipers and stick-handlers at centre that Varsity has been privileged to have. We are going to miss just as badly Marg Moore, our former captain and centre of last year's team, who has joined the ranks of the graduates too. Then we are going to miss Gwen Manning, our cheery little manager, from the forward line.

We need the active support of all Freshettes interested. The experience that you gain this year will probably be very useful to the team next year.

Coach "Skiv" Edwards is handling the girls again this year. Watch bulletin boards for further notice re practices.

The season for House League is under way. Last Monday and Tuesday the girls went through a passing and shooting practice followed by a short and fast scrimmage. The services of Ollie Rostup, as coach, have been secured, and with his handling

FABLE

Two people sat in lamplight by a window
To watch the legions of the darkness pass.
One viewed the beauty of the night;
the other
Saw only his reflection in the glass.
—H. W. Schreiber, Literary Digest.

we hope to turn out a real House League team and some effective players for the senior squads of the future.

THE GATEWAY'S LOST, FOUND and PERSONAL ADS.

Rate, 25c per advertisement

Manager: ED. DAVIDSON

LOST

LOST—In lower common room, Arts Building, 1 deck playing cards. Finder please leave with barber.

LOST—In rotunda Pembina, a small clasp rhinestone brooch. Please leave in Gateway Office.

FOUND

FOUND—In north lab. a man's wallet, containing small change. Owner may have same by paying for this advertisement.

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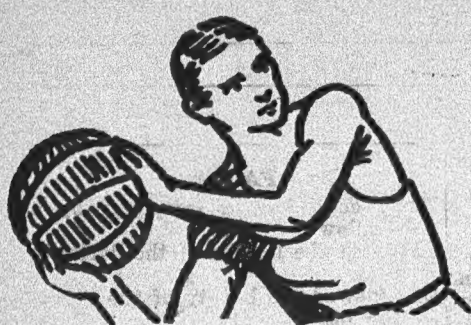
HIT No. 1—CONRAD VIEDT in

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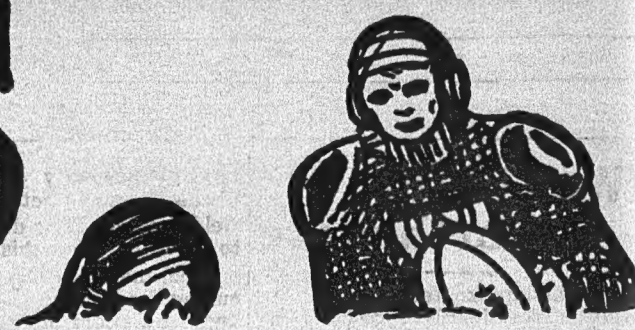
AND

HIT No. 2—WARREN WILLIAM in

"EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE"



SPORTS



VARSITY WINS EXHIBITION GAME AT U.B.C.

Interfaculty Basketball Organized for Season

Five Teams in League—Schedule Drawn Up—Players Welcomed

The nucleus of what promises to be a successful year in interfaculty basketball was found in the number of enthusiasts who attended the first general practice held Monday at 8:30 p.m. The league welcomes all players—good, poor or indifferent—with the hope that, by the time the spring schedule is over every player will have acquired some knowledge of the rudiments of basketball. From those whose present ability falls just short of senior calibre, co-operation is expected. Why stand on the sidelines and "yap" criticism at the honest, if inexperienced, endeavor of those trying to play. Get in there and help those less fortunate along, and incidentally help build up a winning team for your faculty.

To the winning team goes possession of the interfaculty basketball championship cup, now zealously guarded by Science.

Five teams will compose the fall schedule, namely, Arts, Med-Dents (Pharm-Com-Law-H.Ec.-Nurses), and Science.

Managers of the various teams are reminded that it is up to them to—

1. Get together all players and round them out into contenders for the championship.

2. Secure game jerseys before each game.

3. See that same are returned promptly.

4. Secure ball and whistle if it is your "home" game; "home" teams to be first named in schedule.

5. Keep in touch with interfaculty manager with regard to rulings, postponements, playoffs, etc.

Starting Monday, Nov. 13, the fol-

lowing schedule will hold:
Monday, Nov. 13—8:30-9:30; Arts vs. Pharm-Com-Law.
Thursday, Nov. 16 — 7:30-8:30; P-C-L vs. Arts; 8:30-9:30; Sci vs. Arts.
Monday, Nov. 20—8:30-9:30; Arts vs. Med-Dents.
Thursday, Nov. 23 — 7:30-8:30; Med-Dents vs. P-C-L; 8:30-9:30; Arts vs. Sci.
Monday, Nov. 27—8:30-9:30; Med-Dents vs. Arts.
Thursday, Nov. 30—7:30-8:30; Sci vs. P-C-L; 8:30-9:30; Arts vs. Ags.
Monday, Dec. 4—8:30-9:30; Med-Dents vs. Sci.

NEW FORWARD PASSING RULES

The 1934 rules permit forward passing in all zones, kicking the puck in all zones, and limit body-checking in the defensive zone to the puck-carrier alone, and put further restrictions on ragging the puck. Following is the official interpretation of the new rules:

The Defending Zone

Starting in the defending zone, the puck may be passed or kicked and taken inside the first blue line by any defending player.

However, should the puck be passed or kicked over the blue line, any defending player who was in the defending zone when the puck crossed the blue line may skate up into the centre zone and play the puck. For a violation of this rule (that is, for a defending player in the centre zone to take a pass from the defensive zone) an offside is to be called, and the face-off is to take place at the point where crossed the blue line.

The Centre Zone

This brings play into the centre zone. In this area there is no offside, and the puck may be passed or kicked forward by attacking players up to the second blue line. When the attack reaches the second blue line, either the puck or the puck-carrier must be first over the line.

That is to say, the player in possession may carry or kick it across the line or pass it laterally or forwardly into the third zone.

When the puck or puck-carrier crosses the second blue line, all the attacking players who were in the centre zone when the puck was played may skate up and play the puck.

The puck may be kicked across the second blue line or kicked by any player in the third zone.

If an attacking player enters the third zone ahead of the puck or puck-carrier, the play shall be stopped, with a face-off at the blue line; should, however, an attacking player cross the blue line and the puck does not enter the zone, play shall continue without interruption.

The Attacking Zone

This brings play into the third or attacking zone, and the puck-carrier only may be bodied by the defending team.

In this zone (as in the other zones) there is no offside, and the puck may be passed or kicked forward by attacking players, but not kicked into the net. (Special attention is called to the fact that only the attacking player in possession of the puck may be bodied by the defending team, and he must not be charged or cross-checked.)

SWIMMERS!

A meeting of the Swimming Club will be held at 4:30 Tuesday, Nov. 14th, in Arts 111. Come on in—the water's fine!

Armistice Dance

AT THE

TIVOLI

SATURDAY, NOV. 11th

Novelties—Streamers

Admission: Ladies 25c, Men 35c

SPORTING SLANTS

Whatever happens tomorrow, we have whipped every team that has crossed our path this year anyway.

The boys must have been somewhat inspired by watching that last game of "Ghost Rugby" down on the grid—the fog would make an even better setting.

Evidently they had inspiration enough, exhibition game or not, just from watching Pete Rule annex seven of his team's eight points.

If the boys can take them after a long trip on a strange grid under floodlights, they should be more than good enough to take the Hardy Cup tomorrow.

Slowly, but surely, the forward passing rules of the C.A.H.A. are becoming identical with those of professional bodies.

The real object of the new ruling is to speed up play and to make scores more plentiful. No more will the referee's bell tingle when a player kicks the puck. Never again shall Clarence Campbell call back a Varsity raid into more favored fields when the puck is passed forwardly inside the defense zone.

However, an attacking player may not enter the defense zone ahead of the puck or puck carrier. Play will not be stopped if the puck does not get across. The reason for this ruling is that otherwise an "attacking" player could lean against the goal-post and wait for a satisfactory pass to come his way.

It would seem that in future it would be advisable for the various teams to get their players "cleared" by the authorities preparatory to making a trip a little sooner, and save some of the embarrassment of packing up only to find at the last moment that the powers that be will not, in their case, permit the trip to be made.

TAURUS

ALDERMAN CRANG.

Taurus bows to the ladies. This unprecedented conduct is forced upon us by admiration for Miss Margaret Crang's brilliant victory in the recent Edmonton civic aldermanic elections. One can not help but admire the extraordinary pertinacity and nerve of this very clever girl. To stand on the threshold of one's twenty-third year with an Arts degree, a Law degree, and a diploma in Education is indeed exceptional, but when one goes beyond these academic honors and wins recognition in the practical field of politics, it is extraordinary. Miss Crang's election is more than a tribute to her achievements and ability. It is a striking example of how this world is turning away from the "hard-headed business man" type of political leader, who had clearly demonstrated in the last few years his total lack of ability to cope with new situations, and turning toward the young University-graduated type of leader, who is best fitted to guide the nation in times of difficulty. We would do well to forget petty jealousies and give our hearty support to leaders of Alderman Crang's undoubted ability and conviction.

EDMONTON, Nov. 10.—(C.A.H.A.)—Taurus bows to the ladies. This unprecedented conduct is forced upon us by admiration for Miss Margaret Crang's brilliant victory in the recent Edmonton civic aldermanic elections. One can not help but admire the extraordinary pertinacity and nerve of this very clever girl. To stand on the threshold of one's twenty-third year with an Arts degree, a Law degree, and a diploma in Education is indeed exceptional, but when one goes beyond these academic honors and wins recognition in the practical field of politics, it is extraordinary. Miss Crang's election is more than a tribute to her achievements and ability. It is a striking example of how this world is turning away from the "hard-headed business man" type of political leader, who had clearly demonstrated in the last few years his total lack of ability to cope with new situations, and turning toward the young University-graduated type of leader, who is best fitted to guide the nation in times of difficulty. We would do well to forget petty jealousies and give our hearty support to leaders of Alderman Crang's undoubted ability and conviction.

STUDENTS' UNION MEETING.

Taurus would suggest that the next Union meeting is not a debating contest, nor a polemic tea party, but on the contrary is a general gathering of sensible discussion of student problems. Would it not be a wonderful change—and advancement indeed—if those who wish to ask foolish questions about the budget would visit the Union office before the meeting and have the fog cleared from their

minds without wasting the time of the student body at large. Much valuable time is lost in aimless discussion and irrelevant bickering about minor points which could very well be used in consideration of the more vital issues which are generally lost sight of in some puerile and inane argument carried on by an otherwise harmless group of fledgling law students, who in their childish eagerness to try their oratorical wings, forgetting the purpose of the meeting, attempt to turn it into a debating forum. Taurus would very respectfully suggest, with all humility, that these objectionable upstarts work off some of their surplus verbosity in the Debating Society, where their apparent aversion for logical thought will not be forced upon nor advertised to such a large assembly, and where trained debaters will put them in their proper places. Senior students stay away from the Union meetings simply because they are annoyed at the foolish discussion that take place there. Taurus is pleased to note that President Arnold is not likely to put up with this disgusting procedure this year.

USING YOUR HEAD.

The brainless ass who so foolishly placed upon our campus that stolen gravestone inscribed with "Here lies initiation," must have forgotten that this is no time to draw down unfavorable criticism upon the University. Taurus maintains that by stealing the property of local merchants and depositing the loot on the University campus, though done as a practical joke, is, nevertheless, court-ing trouble—and, Heaven knows, we have enough of that now. If some of these would-be smart guys would just stop to consider the effect of their pranks upon public opinion, they would confine their jokes strictly to the campus.

Ed. Note: It was suggested by a student not connected with the paper that we run the pictures of our columnists, so the readers may familiarize themselves with the people whose opinions they follow in our column. Further suggestions are always welcome.

Pete Rule Features In Win For Golden Bears At B.C.

VARSITY CRASHES FOR 8-3 VICTORY

(Continued from Page One)

them to the 35 stripe, and after being held for no gain on two successive drives into the line, Kendall booted a kick from placement square between the uprights to count three. From the kick-off Alberta came back with a rush that started when Ev Borgal grabbed Cameron's short kick, to give Alberta the ball on B.C.'s 35. A plunge by Rule took the Bears five yards further, and successive plunges by Gordon and Moir took the ball to a first down. A penalty on the next play set them back ten yards, and after picking up three more on a shot through the line, Morton threw a pass to Scott that took the play to the coasters' five-yard mark. Moir gained a yard through the line on a quarter sneak, and Rule went over for a touch. On a cutback on the next play Scott scored the extra point on a kick from placement. B.C. kicked short to Moir, and it was Alberta's ball on B.C.'s 35 again. After two plays into the line that only gained about seven yards, Morton kicked to the westerners' one-yard line, and Kendall passed back over the goal line in an effort to get the ball out. Rule smacked Bolton with a beautiful tackle for a safety touch that put Alberta five points to the good, and concluded the scoring for the night.

There was little in the way of action for the remaining part of the game. Alberta put in most of their

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APPENDICITIS

By Ralph E. Zuar

I must tell you the story of my friend's plight. His name is Hieronimus Gulliamper, and he had lived happily on a huge income until his 28th year. He weighed 250 glad pounds, inhabited a luxurious suite of rooms which he rarely left, and sported a "chef" whom Brillat Savarin would have envied.

I knew Hieronimus in a financial way, for he was a careless borrower. We often discussed the relative merits of a unique "pate de foie gras"; of lobsters, oysters drenched in champagne. We grew sentimental over a bottle of claret. Hieronimus had a "chaise longue" of his own invention, a marvel of comfort, covered with soft enticing undulatory Indian rug. Hours on hours he lay on it smoking exuberant cigars.

His decline began with the appearance of Fred O'Murderin, a former school-mate, who was willing to practise his newly acquired medical art on the inhabitants of his home town. Like all M.D.'s, he was as suggestive of death as a pastor is of Damnation and a banker of fraud and forgery. Fred did not like healthy people; they gave him a great pain in the neck.

He rudely disturbed Hieronimus Gulliamper's splendid isolation. When he suggested a thorough medical examination and asked whether the latter did not feel pains on the right side of his abdomen, Hieronimus became irritated, and told him to stop his nonsense. He actually threw him out. But Fred determined not to let such a gold-mine slip through his fingers, persisted in suggesting all sorts of ailments which were sure to inhabit Hieronimus's body.

The latter found himself investigating his well-rounded "Korpus." Indeed, if he pressed, he felt a dull disagreeable sensation of pain. How silly!—it wasn't necessary to dig into his belly, he said to himself.

Then Hieronimus fell to studying medical dictionaries. He found that his right side contained his appendix. Appendicitis! Flaming symbol of disease and decay. Frightful visions arose before him, of lacerated bodies, of blood-stained operating tables, of maliciously glittering surgical instruments. He swooned for the first time in his life.

From then on it was plain sailing for Fred. Three doctors and the eminent specialist, Dr. Magnus Aphroim, a host of nurses attended the operation.

When Hieronimus came to, he felt somewhat relieved. He actually looked forward to a fine tranquil period of convalescence. He had, however, reckoned without the latest therapeutics of Dr. Magnus Aphroim. He was made to get up after a few days. He was made to do gymnastics of all sorts. He was chased over fences, up smooth poles; he swirled around parallel bars. He had to walk ten miles on the track every day. Hieronimus made some very, very ugly remarks about Aphroim's therapeutics.

When at last he was released, a mere shadow of his former complacent self, he swore vengeance, but soon forgot it in the daily round of activities into which he drifted again.

One day the mail brought a booklet on appendix treatment. Hieronimus opened it with the air of a person for whom death held no horror. There was an article by a famous surgeon, Professor Dr. Pastrare of Paris, France, who with a good deal of statistical material extending over a number of years, proved convincingly that mortality among all those who had thoughtlessly submitted to the removal of their appendix increased to alarming proportions. He further maintained that on the basis of Darwin's correlation of growth, in many cases the activity of the neurons had deteriorated, and that particularly, the synoptic resistance had increased. The gist of the matter was that since the danger of mortality and further diseases, especially on the mental side, increased with the removal of the appendix, quite a number of cases of paralysis and dementia praecox developed. Appendix operations were a crime against humanity. He, Dr. Pastrare, however, would bring help to those unfortunate creatures who had become the victims of the appendicitis craze. An appendix substitute made of the best India rubber would remove all danger of premature death; it would decrease the tension in the nervous system, and re-establish the correct equilibrium in the abdominal region.

Hieronimus collapsed and swooned for the second time in his life. Two days later he set out for Paris to have the Pastrare-Appendix put into his system. It was a complicated operation, and according to the professor the danger had been greater than he dared to say.

Hieronimus returned very weak, very nervous, and with a much smaller bank-roll.

This time it took months before he regained his former complacency. It was very rare that he took up one of the medical journals which had penetrated the sanctuary of his living. But he should not have done even that. One day he found an article written by a Viennese celebrity on appendix substitutes. Prof. Hardfeld was of practically the same opinion as Prof. Pastrare, but he demonstrated that India rubber was almost as dangerous as no appendix at all. Rubber, he said, was constantly liable to decomposition, and would result in grave consequences. Only an appendix substitute made of animal matter would give the required safety and relief. Such an appliance was the "Hardfeld Substitute," made of the intestinal membrane of sheep.

Hieronimus underwent the third operation. He had become convinced of Dr. Hardfeld's sincerity. Five months he lay in Dr. Hardfeld's private hospital. After that he visited a sanitarium recommended by the same authority.

He was an aged man when he

finally reached his home. Grey hair mingled with his erstwhile chestnut curls. He was as slender as a tree. He began to hate men, especially those of the medical profession. He spoke of going into a monastery and devoting the rest of his life to religious practices.

He was in a terrible state. I had instructed his servants to keep away from him everything connected with medicine; journals, health advice, etc. We got him to take some interest in other things but his abdomen. But one day he strayed into a lecture given by Professor Dr. W. Manhattan-Silvertine, the greatest apendix authority on the American continent. Prof. M.-S. had made his 6,000th apendix extirpation. His lecture was devoted to an energetic propaganda against the theory of artificial apendices. The majority of right-minded physicians were supporting him, he said, in his campaign against Dr. Pastrare and Dr. Hardfeld. He considered it his duty as scientist and man to enlighten the public in the matter. In his opinion Hardfeld and Pastrare had shown no sense of medical responsibility, and should be classed as criminals. He maintained, however, that he would be glad to help unfortunate victims of their theories.

Professor M.-S. spoke very convincingly. His vibrating voice showed intense sympathy with suffering humanity. Many patients came to have their artificial apendices removed. Hieronimus was again completely under the spell of this apendix psychosis.

But when, after the operation, he heard from a medical assistant, who had fallen out with Fred O'Murderin because Fred had forgotten to pay back a loan of twenty dollars, that nothing had been wrong with his natural appendix in the first place, an ugly grin spread over Hieronimus's face.

One night he got up and demolished the operating room, stabbed Prof. M.-S. with a pair of scissors, and avoiding the man-hunt, entered the house of Fred O'Murderin, whom he shot. Then he was taken to the asylum, where he still resides.

Now, isn't that terrible!

Futility's Slave

By H.W.J.

Little averse he donned the belt and sword,
And for another's good was made the slave
Of endless discipline and rainy skies,
And learned the meaning of drudgery.

And anxious waiting for a zero hour,
That soon will plunge him to a bloody death,
Or make a gout what once has
breathed and joyed,
Before the blow he means to deal
can be delivered.

He does not brood on this,
For this has been a thought long
spent,
Lost in the dusty corridors of his
brain.

Unheard is the organ of war with
its crashing stops;
Only his taut nerves sing their
melody of haste:

To go, to go, and end this anxious
wait,
To feel the joyful surge by poets
sung

When deeds of derring-do are meet
for men,
To counter steel to steel the craven
foe

And wrest a victory for a sovereign's
arms.
So when the fatal hands are on the
hour,

A vast relief invades the ridden brain,
And up he scrambles for the fray.
Two hundred pounds that mother and
father love,

A sacrifice that a smiling sweetheart
gave.
For what? He does not question that
which sent him there;

Causes, he knows, are bigger than
men can be,
And he thinks his leaders bigger far
than he,

So he crosses the frontier that leads
to soundless death.
At first he describes only the drunken
mist

That reels and writhes over torn
ground,
Where great dinosaurs have wallowed
to their breasts.

He cannot see the foe.
He feels duped.
What are his orders?—Oh, yes, keep
going.

To where? No matter, keep going!
He looks behind. Those clumsy louts,
to trip!

Himself he never felt so well, so
sure.
Now where is the foe?
—Oh, yes, over there.

What is he to do? To shoot the foe.
Easy enough. Now to find the foe.
What is the matter with his pals,
anyway!

Why don't they keep up—are they
scared—or else . . .
—Yes, indeed, this is war.

I almost forgot,
Thought it was a game for a moment.
Must wait and join a party and
charge that 'nest,'
It sure is raising havoc with our
ranks—

To hell with them, I'll do it alone . . .
Now, if I could once locate those
Huns,
I'd blow their devilish brains to bits.
Now I have them! I think I know
where they are.

Here I come . . . What was that?
Something like a boxer's blow above
the heart.
Gosh, what a clumsy lout I am! I'm
stumbling.

What! Can it be happening to me
also!
Impossible! I'm too wicked—only
the good. . . .

I'm not so sure. Anyhow, the doc-
tors are right.
Is isn't painful. . . .
I wouldn't mind so much . . . if only
I had

Seen what I was fighting!"
So ends this chapter of futility.

ON THE OXFORD GROUP

(There has been much discussion in the past year about the Oxford Group Movement. The following articles present two diametrically opposed points of view, and are published side by side with an aim at impartiality.—Feat. Ed.)

A PRESENTATION

By Ernie Rands

The fact that early in October England's greatest city was the scene of the opening of another of those remarkable campaigns of the Oxford group, leads us to think again rather specifically of the character of this movement, of the type of thing it is doing, and how it does it. Add to this the fact that over the length and breadth of this province, in the cities, towns, and country districts there have been in the last six months many "teams" of the movement at work, there is an added incentive to evaluate the movement and its work.

Let us at the outset say for those who are still hazy as to the character of the movement that the Oxford Group is not something to which one can belong. It has no membership list, no subscriptions, no badge, no rules, no definite location or organization. It is the name given to a group of people, who from every rank, profession and trade, in many countries and among many peoples, have surrendered their lives to God, and are committed to live in accordance with the four principles of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. They endeavor to strip religion of much of the outward garb that has destroyed its effectiveness in the past, and by getting down to and stressing the central theme of Christianity, make it a force that can meet the situations of modern life. The one great criticism that the world has, in the past, made of religion is that it has had fine theories, beautiful precepts, and all the organization needed, but has not met the situations of life, has not come to be a controlling factor in individual and national affairs, and so has not brought the freedom that religion should bring; has not brought mastery over life. That the surrender the group insists on people making brings mastery over life, that it opens up new vistas of human experience, that it does bring man into harmony with the deepest realities of spirit life cannot be denied. For as the great roll of those who have found life in this way is reviewed and there is found there the names of many of the world's most brilliant minds, professors of mathematics, history, sciences, philosophy, etc., in the greatest universities of the old world and the new, it would not seem that the accusation that the Groups appealed to the weak-minded and the neurotic only was justified. Neither can one justly accuse Professors Basil Yates and Grenstad, of the department of philosophy of Oxford, of not having ideas, else they would not be there.

But one sometimes wonders why, in an age of science, when there is a specific demand for the use of scientific methods before conclusions are stated, there should be, what some have called, a reversion to the unscientific, to the primitive as it has been called. But is this what is happening? Let us view it in this way. A scientist in his laboratory performs an experiment with certain materials, in a certain manner, on the basis of knowledge previously acquired, and he achieves a certain result. It would be rather foolish for another man to go into that laboratory and using different methods and different materials expect to get the same result. And it would be more foolish still for him then to undertake to criticize the scientist, tell him that his results are not justified and his methods are wrong. The only sensible way for the critic to proceed would be to go through the same experiment in the same way, using the same method and materials, and then compare the results. If they differ, then he is on a basis from which he may quite justly condemn. May it not be so in regard to the work of the Oxford Groups? After all, men did stand beside Galileo and flatly contradict his findings, but that was only because they had not looked through his telescope. What else could they do but deny his findings.

The Oxford Groupers believe that there are spiritual resources in life that most people have not tapped, and that until they do tap those resources they cannot live completely. The lives of those who have really found those resources certainly are living evidence that something has happened. It is desperately hard to deny that. They are the evidence from the laboratories of life. When a personality has become integrated, and the inward conflicts that have made it ineffective are removed, a freedom before never dreamed of, results. But who is in a position to judge those results as well as the person concerned? The change is a fact to the liberated personality. Others say it is undue emotionalism. But undue

(Continued on Page Six)

A CRITICISM

By Edward Greene

In an article in the "Modern Thinker" for October, Samuel D. Schmalhausen draws attention to the "cult of irrationality" which provoked largely by conditions following the Great War, is today reaching alarming proportions. To use Mr. Schmalhausen's language, there is a widespread revolt against consciousness—"consciousness which is the crucial quintessential attribute of the civilizing process." Reason and sanity are everywhere in full flight before the forces of fear and barbarism; on all sides we see a psychotic regression to primitive levels.

Indeed, Mr. Schmalhausen becomes quite panic-stricken. Things are, perhaps, not so alarming as he would have us believe, and yet I think he makes his point. Certainly Nazi Germany lends support to his view of things. In France there is a powerful young Catholic movement, and in English-speaking countries we have our Oxford Groups.

This latter movement is representative of the "revolt against consciousness." The emphasis is all on mysticism and uncriticized intuition rather than on simple facts and reason. The Unseen world is asserted to be more real than the Seen; "absolute" truth is opposed to the "probability" of the thinker. I am quite aware of the fact that Oxford Groupers place less weight on dogma than upon the spirit of Christianity, but nevertheless, such intellectual premises as the Movement has represent a regression to old, and outworn, beliefs.

However, it is in the field of morality that the Movement exerts its greatest activity. It is an attempt to revive First Century Christianity and is particular moral code. This is the core of the matter—just what is the significance of that morality?

Nietzsche threw a world of light on this eternal question of morals. A moral code, said he, grows up to meet a certain need—it is a matter of pure expediency and the inevitable supernatural sanctions are merely an effective way of enforcing the dictates of society. But as time passes conditions change, and morality is bound to lag behind for the simple reason that the supernatural sanctions are hard to shake. Thus the old morality becomes a weapon in the hands of the reactionary to bring the progressive down to his own level.

Bearing this in mind, we see that Christianity arose in troubled times, that its appeal was to the lower classes, to the oppressed and the down-trodden. It promised compensation in a new and beautiful world for the sorrows of this vale of tears. Its ideals were humility, obedience, chastity—blessed are the meek, blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are they that mourn, etc., etc. As Nietzsche says, these are all values useful to the hand—not only necessity, but weakness, is made a virtue.

These are not, of course, the only values which Christianity gave to the world. We owe to Christianity a higher conception of human worth and integrity of personality. I am not blind to this fact. But we are living in the Twentieth Century, not the First, and I cannot see that the Oxford Group Movement is doing anything to further that idea of personality. The terms Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness and Absolute Love are, of course, meaningless, or at best indefinable. In so far as they have a meaning, they tend to make emasculation and weakness the apogee of virtue, and we are reminded of the spectacle of St. Francis, who was happiest when he was made to suffer unjustly, for Christ's sake.

Absolute Honesty is an admirable ideal, if lived up to in all its impli-

(Continued on Page Six)

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(Continued on Page Six)

But Woolworth Made Good!

By Larry Davis

Critics were ever eunuchs; they talk much of that of which they are incapable. The nameless fellow responsible for the Woolworth critique of Dramat Night missed the purpose and purport of it as completely as the solemn owls who measure the Pyramid mmm the Pyramid for measurements.

Critic's Attitude

It is his approach, his point of view, and his consequently distorted attitude that we decry. For his more specific criticisms we thank him. To begin with, the quibble about the name of the night after a fair statement of our aims made by him, seems silly and but the start of his heavy pedantry.

The Great God Solemnity

On entering the University Freshmen and Freshettes have to sit through hours of meretricious verbiage, addresses of welcome, and ponderous offers of help and advice. This austerity is continued all through university life, until the "Humorous System" is clogged and constipated. It is reflected in our reverence for dry ritual, the awful formality of our formal dances, the awkward lack of spontaneity in our conversation, and in the two-ton heaviness and synthetic theatrical pargon of the Woolworth critic.

He knows, and we know, the Dramatis capable of interpreting the pomp and grandeur of "St. Joan," the mystic quality of "Outward Bound" and the starkness of "The Adding Machine." It has been and still is a live organization. With Dramat Night it sought belly-laughs with frank and admitted clowning, and it most certainly got them.

The Aims

With but ten or twelve days for organizing and rehearsals, it cuts its coat according to its cloth. It broke with the solemn tradition, threw to the winds the "Art for Art's sake" notion, and thus fetterless achieved an unselfconscious if "Art"-less merit. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the audience laughed frequently and unreservedly.

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But solemnity was not in hiding altogether. The Woolworth man let loose all his 15 cents and cried fretfully for the prisoner—"a certain fresh sincerity and enthusiastic seriousness." Perhaps Dr. Alexander's letter of the previous week had given the entire reporting staff the jitters. Perhaps (if they use such gauche terms) they had resolved together,

CROSSES

I walked among the crosses
Where nameless warriors lie.
Faint on the air, as still as death,
I heard a mother's sigh.

My heart went out in pity,
And I answered her who cried,
"Peace unto you, O anguished heart,
No man more nobly died."

From out the silent Heavens
A thunderous voice was hurled,
It echoed through my very soul,
"Christ died to save the world."

O powers and Nations, sheathe your
swords.
When the last dread trumpet calls,
These blood-stained hands will beat
in vain
At Heaven's frowning walls.

—XNON.

There was a young girl named Menda
Whose folks to Kolitch did senda,
Her face was all right,
But her legs were a fright,
Has anyone a pair they could lend?

—The Sheaf.

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ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

(Continued from Page Five)

A CRITICISM

cations. For it implies not only honesty between man and man, but honesty to oneself and fidelity to ugly realities and hard facts. Indeed, it means an essentially scientific outlook.

And so we come to the "science and religion" question. Personally, I do not agree with men like Eddington and Millikan, who assert there is no real conflict between science and religion. As H. L. Mencken says, the only way to effect a reconciliation between them is to bring forward something that is not science and something that is not religion. What is religion (and by that I mean organized religion) but a system of theology pretending to a deeper knowledge than science can ever hope to attain to by patient honest observation? Religion means one type of mind, science another, and the story of civilization is the story of the struggle between the two.

The Oxford Group Movement seems to me to be a reversion to irrationality, to intuition unchecked by reason, to a set of values rooted in weakness, not strength. It is a return to medievalism and a rejection of modern scientific methods; in fine, it is regression to lower levels.

NOTICE TO ALL FRESHMEN

This is the time of year for the members of the Freshman class to turn their minds towards the coming elections of the Freshman class executive. This executive will consist of a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and three executive members. It will be the task of this executive to promote the activities of the class throughout the year, a task entailing a good deal of responsibility and organization.

Freshmen (and Freshettes), it is up to you to put in an executive which will lend the leadership you desire. Elections will take place in the very near future. Now is the time to work up interest and enthusiasm in these, your elections.

Correspondence

(Continued from Page Two)

least one of Canada's sons has "the courage to be cowardly."

I gather from your remarks that none of your relatives have had their lives taken from them on the battlefield, for you state, "to the rest of us it is fast becoming a meaningless ritual." This is not a noble sentiment, and fairness demands that you speak only for yourself.

As for your commonplace remark that something should be done to insure against future wars, you have contributed nothing original to the thought of mankind. It is not difficult to voice these noble sentiments, especially when millions of others have voiced them before you, but to materialize them has, to the present, defied the world. We all pay highest respect to the men who are devoting their lives to this problem, and to the ideals which they stand for.

Perhaps in your quiet way you are doing your bit to brighten the corner where you are, but in the future, sir, when you aspire to literary heights, I would suggest that you pray long and very fervently to your shabby Muse for inspiration, and if she fires you with no nobler sentiments than to profane the holy sanctuary of the Nation's dead, you would do well to go and stand before the Memorial Tablet at the entrance to Convocation Hall, and spend a few moments in quiet meditation upon those famous words—"SPEECH IS SILVER, BUT SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

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A PRESENTATION

emotionalism, religious hysteria, and neurosis are banned entirely by the Oxford Group. The object of the Groups, on the other hand, is to free people from them, to eradicate them from the spiritual life, and so set a life free for absolute honesty of living. They know by experience that absolute love can conquer life; that absolute truth is as necessary for those who preach it as for those to whom they preach; that the only way in which personality is to be made more sacred, and made to play a more important place in life is to give it the added power which harmony with these great spiritual forces of life can bring.

The entire world is gripped with a nervous fear today which is deadly in its effect. The international situation is one that baffles even the best brains we have in our governments. The conditions that prevail in the respective countries where unemployment and industrial troubles are vexing must drive us to one conclusion, namely, that it is not so much new organization we need, or new systems, as it is Christian principles applied to these great issues. No one would deny today that if honesty, unselfishness, and love were applied to the world's problems a great step would be taken. The folly of creating a perfect system without men and women committed to truth, honesty, and unselfishness is apparent, at least if we expect that system to solve our problems. Without people whose lives are in harmony with eternal verities the most perfect system would soon go down to defeat. National isolation and self-clannishness would still stultify spiritual and material progress. Selfishness would still provoke wars. The guidance of God as a working force can be more powerful than man has ever dreamed. It is only necessary that man be ready to dedicate himself to the four great principles of life, and having done that he begins on a way of life under God's direction, that brings into play the very best and keenest intellect he possesses, all the gifts and abilities he has at his command, physical, mental and spiritual. Thus personality is truly developed. There is nothing cramping or stultifying here; only freedom, and complete living.

To the people who have found this there is no mystery. They have found the way through truly scientific methods. They have carried through the experiment and have obtained certain results. It checks with their common-sense, their reason, their experience with life. Is it any wonder, then, that throughout the English-speaking world and beyond, in cities, towns, and country, in church, home and office, little groups meet to tell of the new-found secret and to share with others the new life they know? It is indeed an open secret. But to each one who tries the experiment it comes as a fresh and luminous discovery. We hear them speak of "this way" with the authority of first-hand knowledge and experience. But, after all Galileo could speak with authority about the stars—he knew. These people have found what is a rare thing in the modern world—a core of inward spiritual certainty. In a world in which there is a rather terrifying tendency to bewilderment, to uncertainty, to chaos—something that is certain, is worth considering. These people have, not a question, but an answer.

JACK LEWIS NEW
JUNIOR PRESIDENTClever Innovation Anticipated for
the Coming Prom

In Friday's closely contested election, Jack Lewis was elected the President of Class '35. The new president is well known about the campus for wit and originality, so we expect some clever innovations to differentiate this year's Junior class functions from any that have gone before. Madeleine Austin as vice-president, and Chester Prevey as secretary-treasurer, ought to be efficient officers if pep and personality count for anything.

An able executive, consisting of Don McLaws, interfac rugby star; Mary Slattery, one of the mainstays of Le Cercle Francais, and Olav Rostrop, genial Med student, is ready to make this year's Junior class the best ever.

Other nominees were: For President, Alan McDonald; for vice-president, Mary Duncan; and for secretary-treasurer, Ralph Collins. The executive members were elected by acclamation.

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CLUB NOTES

MINERS HEAR

RHODESIAN ENGINEER

The mining Society held its second meeting for this year on Friday, Nov. 3. The speaker for the evening was Mr. Dave Ross, who has just returned from Rhodesia, where he has been prospecting.

Mr. Ross gave a very interesting outline of the system of prospecting in Rhodesia. He also described the topography of the country, and the difficulties encountered in prospecting there.

The next meeting of the society will be held on Nov. 17. It is probable that the western manager of the Tetra-Ethyl Lead Company will be the speaker.

DENTS HEAR OF
EXTENSION DEPARTMENT

"Few University students realize the valuable and extensive work in adult education accomplished by the Department of Extension," Mr. E. A. Corbett told the Dent Club at its monthly meeting on Monday, Nov. 6th. Our own University, under the direction of Dr. Tory, was one of the pioneer institutions in bringing knowledge and culture to less fortunate people of the province supporting the institution. Through the Department of Extension the taxpayers of outlying districts feel that at last they are obtaining face value for their money. Three hundred travelling libraries, departments of music, art, drama, radio and agriculture bring practical knowledge and culture via rail and air to isolated districts of appreciative people. Mr. Corbett recounted many amusing experiences in out-of-the-way places, and told of the great enthusiasm which has greeted each new venture of the Department.

The Dental Faculty has assumed such proportions that the Dent Club is destined to become one of the major faculty clubs of the campus. A varied and interesting program for the year has been arranged. The first of a series of student addresses will be given by Mr. John Revell at the next meeting.

REVEREND DUNCAN
ADDRESSES AGGIES

On Monday afternoon, Nov. 6, the Agriculture Club met to hear an address by the Rev. Philip Duncan, who chose as his topic, "Are We Fooling Ourselves?" Well known to University students as a brilliant speaker and student of current problems, Mr. Duncan was greeted by a large attendance. As President Allan Murray introduced the speaker, the curiosity of the audience was excited by the subject he had chosen.

"We have been fooling ourselves by leaning too long on a frothy, superficial optimism," the speaker declared, and drew particular attention to what he termed sentimental propaganda as exemplified by "Rule Britannia" and "Prosperity is just around the corner." If a citizen drops the scales from his eyes and really sees things as they are today he cannot be other than worried with the situation.

As he analyzed world problems of the day he laid particular stress on the fact that a very bad treaty had been dictated to Germany at Versailles. "Another contributing factor is the rising of what has been considered inferior countries," he said, and cited Japan and India as examples.

He denounced the propagation of narrow nationalism and the terrific power of avarice which were undermining ethical standards, declaring that everyone should be a world citizen above anything else.

As he drew his address to a close, his concluding remarks were: "We have to go deeper than political policies to get results. A new spirit is required in humanity to see and think beyond national lines. Not only do we need thinkers, but we need crusaders who will live out a theory even in the face of self-sacrifice."

PHYSICISTS MEET

The first meeting of the Physics Club was held on Nov. 1, at 4:30, in Arts 111. A paper on "Photo-voltaic Cells" was presented by Dr. E. H. Gowan. After a general description of photo-voltaic phenomena, Dr. Gowan dealt with the behavior of the different types of cuprous oxide cells under the action of light. Anomalies in behavior of these cells and the apparently contradictory results obtained by different experimenters contributed much of interest to the subject, which was ably presented.

The second meeting of the Physics Club will be held at 4:30, on Wednesday, Nov. 15, in Arts 111. Dr. R. J. Lang will speak on "The Eye."

SKATING NOTICE

Student season tickets to Varsity Covered Rink are selling for \$1.50; graduates season tickets, \$3.00; all others, \$4.00.

These tickets entitle the holder to skating on all regular band nights. Skating at noon on various weekdays. Admission to the moccasin dance and skating on Nov. 10. Skating Sunday afternoon, checking free, and admission to such extraordinary functions as shall be announced from time to time. Don't delay. Buy your tickets now!

These tickets are not transferable. They must be carried by the owner at all times, and the name of the purchaser must be written or printed legibly on the face of the card.

The management reserves the right to decide to which functions season ticket holders shall be admitted. Rink phone, 31358.

DR. ZIMMERN

(Continued from Page One)

cific, while Japan controls the western Pacific. Between these two a natural rivalry grew up in China and the Far East that threatens to throw aside all peace agreements. Secure in its control of the western Pacific, and knowing the incapability of the League, Japan annexed Manchuria. China appealed to the League. The only result was the Lytton investigations and a general shaking of fists in Japan's direction. This, however, did little harm to her, but merely confirmed her in her imperialistic designs. Now she gives notice when the naval treaty expires in 1936 she will demand equality with U.S.A. A corresponding military rivalry and fear to that in Europe has thus grown up in the Pacific, dealing a death-blow to the British policy of regional conferences.

Today the void left by the League of Nations remains unfilled, necessitating some new system of international peace machinery.

This new peace machinery must have several fundamental elements. Firstly, since the world is today a single economic unit, the peace machinery must be world-wide in its scope. Secondly, the U.S.A. must be included in any effectual peace settlement. Thirdly, the control of international affairs must be in the hands of local parliaments and not in those of an international legislature of the French or Roman pattern. Dr. Zimmern at this juncture stated that a world parliament is a dream, condemned beforehand by racial and economic factors. Such a system will never be adopted so long as Anglo-Saxon people live on the face of the earth. Lastly, the system must be simple and capable of inspiring intense world criticism of a criminal nation. To sum up, the new scheme must be world-wide in extent, easily understandable, capable of inspiring world co-operation, and must possess a large degree of local autonomy.

How are we to establish such an arrangement? Dr. Zimmern replied with an answer at once extremely simple and practical. The basis of his scheme consists in educating the people in absolutely outlawing all war. While most people in the

world today believe war is a crime, they do not realize that war can have no justification. It is much the same in the case of murder—if you allow one to take place many more will follow.

But by what means are we to stop and punish a nation which has gone to war? By the simple expedient of economic and financial boycott. Statistics show that if the key minerals for munitions were placed under government control and regulation, in a similar manner to the legitimate opium trade today, the world could quickly bring to an end any war between two nations by denying them the munitions of war. Punishment could follow in the form of a simultaneous universal boycott of economic goods and financial aid. Not a barbarous military affair, but a simple refusing by civil authorities to allow the goods of ships of a criminal nation into the ports of the world. The criminal could buy all she wished from the rest of the world, but lack of any return trade would destroy her purchasing power, and thus bring her to heel.

The machinery to start such a blockade would be even simpler. On hearing of a breach of the peace by any country, the President of the World States would summon the nations of the world to Washington, where they would meet within a few hours (through their embassies). They would discuss the situation before them, and determine the measures to be taken. In all, it is an extremely simple procedure which could be introduced into our present system without any appreciable change.

Canada's part in such a plan of affairs is an important one. As a part of the British Empire in America, she forms a bridge from the old world to the new. Then, too, Canada is one of the principal mineral countries of the world, and as such would hold a very important position.

The scheme is simple and practical. The people of the principal nations of the world could be educated in its ideals by a week's propaganda in the press and over the radio. In all, it constitutes one of the best and most feasible ideas for world peace in the world today.

Uplifting Travel!

Stay-at-home—They say that if there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

Footloose—Yes, indeed! I found that out on my first trip across the ocean!—Y News.

Referring to the peculiar tone inflection and pronunciation of English known as the "Oxford accent," a Toronto professor describes it as "one of the most disagreeable noises made by the human species." For instance, one might hear a fellow who boasts of such accent in such terms, quoting Scripture, as: "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw."—Dalhousie Gazette.

COULD YOU WRITE
A CAMPUS MELODYStudents' Council Offer Cash
Prizes For An Original
College Song

An announcement of tremendous interest to the students has been made by the Students' Council. They are offering a worth-while money prize for a University song. Here's a chance to earn \$50 to \$100. If you can write music, don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

The Students' Union wants a University song, lyric and melody, to contestants must have their songs in sing at all student activities. The by Feb. 15th. No entrants will be accepted after that date. The contest is open to all University students, faculty members and alumnae. Perhaps two people would like to work together. The song submitted should be a rollicking, lively melody that is not too difficult to sing, written with a piano accompaniment. It must be remembered, however, that both the lyrics and the tune must be absolutely original.

This business of choosing a University song is highly important, and will be treated with thoughtfulness and respect. When all the songs are submitted, a committee of overtone musicians will hear them and offer opinions. The students themselves will be allowed to voice an opinion also. At one of the dramatic nights the songs will be sung by a chorus, and you will be asked to express your like or dislike. However, the final judgment will be left to the committee in charge.

The names of the contestants will not be disclosed, even to the committee; the choosing of the song will be influenced only by its musical merit. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to prove your talent, and will encourage you to develop your musical ability. If you have an idea, start working on it. You won't regret it.

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